

THE  
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF  
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,  
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED  
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,  
and inculcate VIRTUE, in  
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY  
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,  
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

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V O L. XXII.

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T H E  
CARE OF PROVIDENCE.  
A S O N N E T.

---

THE mother's tender heart, round  
whom  
Her children throng in youthful bloom,  
With love and transport overflows,  
Such as a mother only knows,  
What time her light descending hand  
Gently taps one with action bland ;

4 *The CARE of PROVIDENCE.*

Another to her heart's close folds,

Inmate already there, she holds.

A third climbs joyous on her knee ;

While, pleas'd the little thing to see,

Her hand assists, and with a smile

Kissing, she pays the arduous toil.

Her foot held out to serve as chair

Dandles a fourth when seated there ;

So too the rest, if more there be ;

Round her, close cling her progeny.

She reads all written in their eyes

Their looks, caresses, smiles and sighs,

These speaking from the heart, declare

The thousand little wishes there.

Their prattle all at once is heard ;

And she replies without a word ;

For smiles alone are her reply :

While joyous they stand prating by.



*The CARE of PROVIDENCE. §*

Yet if it chance, a word amiss,  
A quarrel for the envied kiss,  
Or aught unfit to hear or view,  
Among the little ones ensue,  
A brow dissatisfied she takes,  
Yet soon the lowering storm there  
breaks ;  
And while ev'n gloom overcasts her  
mein,  
That she's a mother 'tis well seen.

In this, so obvious to man's sense,  
We see God's wondrous providence,  
That from the stores of heavenly grace,  
Pours gift on all the human race.  
The rich, in fortune's lap high fed,  
The poor beneath their lowly shed,  
All on her smile subsist, and share  
The blessings of her guardian care.

6 *The CARE of PROVIDENCE.*

She knows their need, she hears their  
cry,

And views them with a mother's eye :  
To none, among her children, blind,  
But scattering gifts on all mankind. s

Let none then, with presumptuous  
sense,

Dare tax the rule of Providence  
With rigorous or even partial views ;  
If for a season she refuse  
Some blessing, to their heart, thought  
dear,

As if averse their prayer to hear ;  
For their soul's good, God's gracious  
will

Seems to subject them thus to ill.  
'That thro' affliction's rigid ways,  
They may attain fair Virtue's praise.

*The CARE of PROVIDENCE. 7*

Or rather, for such love we find  
In his compassionating mind,  
When he vouchsafes them, or denies,  
No less beneficent he is than wise.



T H E  
BORROW'D PURSE.

---

SPENCER, tho' a dull companion, was a special workman. He aspir'd at nothing in his heart, so much as to become a master; but he wanted money to set up.

A merchant, who was well acquainted with his industry, was willing to supply him with an hundred

*The BORROW'D PURSE.* 9

pounds, that he might open shop.

One may without much difficulty, guess at Spencer's joy. In his imagination, he already had a warehouse full of goods. He reckon'd up how many customers would crowd to buy them, and what money he should have at balancing his books.

In the extravagant emotions of that transport into which these notions threw him, he perceiv'd an ale-house. Come, said he, and enter'd it, I'll have a little pleasure with one sixpence of this money.

He demur'd however some few moments, to call out for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him, that the moment of enjoyment was not yet ar-

10 *The BORROW'D PURSE.*

riv'd ; that he was, first of all to think of paying what his friend had lent him ; and at present that it was not honest for him to lay out a penny of the sum, for things not absolutely necessary. He was ready to come out again, impress'd by such right notions, but bethought himself upon the other hand, that if he spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings and a sixpence left ; that such a sum was full enough, to set him up in trade, and that a single half-hour's industry, would compensate for such a trifling pleasure as he wish'd to have at present.

It was thus, that taking up the glass, he sought to quiet his interior scru-

*The BORROW'D PURSE.* 11  
ples; but alas, his present conduct  
was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, so agreeable a  
recollection of his pleasure at the ale-  
house fill'd his mind, and he was now  
less scrupulous with conscience in  
expending one more sixpence at it.  
He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen  
shillings still remaining.

On the following days, the love of  
liquor had besotted him in such a  
manner, that he constantly return'd  
to his beloved ale-house, but increas'd  
the quantum of his liquor, to a shil-  
ling's worth at first; then sixpence  
more; and so on, till he came to half-  
a-crown; at which, he seem'd to  
make a stand, and every time he went,

12 *The BORROW'D PURSE.*

he could console himself with saying, 'Tis but two and sixpence I am spending, O, I need not fear, but I shall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such then was his delusive way of reasoning, in reply to what his conscience whispered, which would now and then be heard. It did not strike him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the useful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You see then, my dear little friends, how by insensible gradation he incurr'd a spendthrift life. He found no longer any joy in industry; employ'd entirely as he was in contemplating on his actual riches, which he fancied in-

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*The BORROW'D PURSE.* 13

exhaustible. And yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find it was diminishing. He was convinc'd, and his conviction all at once came over him, just like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceding dissipation; as his benefactor would not be so fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had seen him so misuse the first.

Quite overcome with shame and grief, the more he sought to stifle his ideas with hard drinking, so much by a great deal, sooner, did his ruin fall upon him. And at last, the frightful moment came, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and being, as it were, an object to himself of horror, life became a burthen.

14 *The BORROW'D PURSE.*

owing to that scene of poverty now opening to him.

He renounced his country, follow'd by despair, and join'd a gang of smugglers, formidable for the ravages they spread thro' every country on the coast. But Heaven did not permit their violence should long remain unpunish'd. A disgraceful death soon ended his career of wickedness.


Alas ! if when his reason first of all address'd him, he had listen'd, and been wrought upon by the reproaches of his conscience,—easy in his situation, might he now have been enjoying, in repute and honour, the repose of a respectable and opulent old age.

You shudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwith-

*The BORROW'D PURSE.* 15

standing that of multitudes among us, in the use they put their money to. It was bestow'd upon them for the best of purposes, and yet they exercise themselves thereby in every shameful dissipation. 'Tis but such or such a sum of money I am spending! and what's that? They think there will enough be always left them, for the proper use thereof. However in the interval, days, months and years flow onward, and they find, at the conclusion of them, they have not made such a use thereof. In some sort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into despair.

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## TWO MADE HAPPY.

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A Gentleman of fortune, passing very late one night, before a blacksmith's habitation, was surprized to see him busy at his forge, when every person in the neighbourhood was gone to rest. He had a curiosity to know what reason he could have for working thus at midnight; and if twelve hour's labour, in the day, would not suffice him to provide subsistence for his family.

It is not for myself I work, replied  
the

*TWO MADE HAPPY.* 17

the blacksmith, but a neighbour here of mine, who has unfortunately been burnt out. I rise two hours before the usual time of labour, every morning, and continue working two hours after, at the least; and sometimes longer, as is now the case, at night. And this I do, that I may help him in his destitute condition. If I had but any thing myself, I would divide it with him; but my all is nothing but the shop I have, and some small stock of metal, which I cannot sell, because 'tis what subsists me. By thus working, every day four hours at least, that comes to two days weekly, and the earnings of them I can yield to him. Thank Heaven, at this time of

18 TWO MADE HAPPY.

the year, there's work enough! and while I have but strength, it is my duty to assist the unhappy.

This is very generous, my good friend, on your part, said the gentleman, as I suppose your neighbour never will be able to repay your kindness.

Truly, Sir, I fear he will not: but on his account alone, not mine. However, I am sure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition.

At these words, the gentleman, not wishing to intrude upon the blacksmith any longer, wished him a good night, and went away.

Upon the morrow, having put into his purse a note for twenty pounds,

*TWO MADE HAPPY.* 19

which he could well afford to part with, from his savings, he went out, and meant to leave it with the blacksmith, whose beneficence he was resolved to recompense, and put it in his power to buy the metal he might be in want of, at the cheapest market, undertake more business, and lay by a little from his labour, to support him in old age.

But what was not his wonder, when the blacksmith bade him take his money back again. I cannot lay it out, said he, because I have not earn'd it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron I make use of; and if ever I should be in want of more, the merchant would supply me with it, on my note. It

20 *TWO MADE HAPPY.*

would be absolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him he is us'd to make upon his goods, when he has never hesitated to supply me with as much as I could ask for, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back : but you may make a better use, Sir, of this money, if you lend it free of interest to my unhappy neighbour. He might then recover his affairs, and I sleep out my belly full.

The gentleman, with all his rhetoric, not being able to prevail upon the blacksmith to accept his offer, followed the advice he gave him ; and was highly gratified in thinking he had made two happy ; when at first his generosity had wish'd to serve one only.





T H E

## REWARD of GRATITUDE.

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A Lady, we shall give the name of Moreton to, had hardly lost her husband, when a law-suit, he had been engaged in, was determined to her disadvantage; and the greatest part of her possessions, which were all dependent on the verdict, were unpitifully taken from her. She was under the necessity of selling all her furni-

ture, and some few jewels; after which, when she had placed the produce at a banker's, she withdrew into a village, where the necessary things of life were not so high, where she apprehended she might live with tolerable decency upon her trifling income.

Hardly had she passed a month or two in her retreat, than she was given to understand, her banker was gone off, and all her money with him. So let any one reflect upon the horror of her situation. Grief and sickness had long since disabled her from doing any thing like labour for her livelihood; and after having passed her youth in ease and pleasure, she had no resources left her in old age, except an alms-

OF GRATITUDE. 23

house, or the common refuge of the poor in turning beggars.

In reality, there was not one of her acquaintance who would condescend to have the least degree of interest in her sufferings. Brought by her beloved husband from a foreign country, she had no one she could fly to for assistance. None, except a tolerably near relation that herself had brought to England; and by granting him her husband's credit, rendered wealthy. But this man, whose sordid avarice was greater than his riches, was not likely to relieve another, when he would not even allow himself the necessary things of life.

Reduc'd to such a helpless situation,

there was, luckily, one means still left for her subsistence. In the years of her prosperity, she had adopted one Clotilda, a young female orphan; and Cotilda, now became her guardian angel. Mrs. Moreton's former kindnesses inspired her with a wish of showing she was grateful for them.

No, said she, when her unhappy mistress mentioned her design of seeking the asylum of a parish work-house, I will never leave you. From your tenderness, I formerly received the treatment of a child; and, if in your prosperity I thought it so desirable to be related to you, by adoption, I still think it more so, now, in your adversity.

Thank Heaven and your adoption,

OF GRATITUDE. 25

I have every thing I want, to live with comfort. Your maternal conduct, was evinc'd in teaching me all necessary female arts ; I shall, at present, therefore, look upon it as a boast, that I can exercise my knowledge for your sake. With health and courage, I shall be at least enabled to procure a living for us both.

The unhappy widow was exceedingly affected at this generous offer. She embraced Clotilda, and with joy consented to accept it.

We are now, then, to suppose Clotilda, in her turn, become the mother by adoption, of her former benefactress. She was far from thinking it enough to feed her with the produce of an unremitting labour ; she consol'd

26 *THE REWARD*

her in affliction, aided her in sickness, and endeavoured, by the tenderest method, to make up for all the injustice of her lot.

The constancy and ardour of her cares did not relax a moment for two years; in which long time her mistress was made happy by her bounty; and when death removed her, she lamented with sincerity, what she considered as a grievous loss.

Some little season after this, died also the relation spoken of already, who had shown himself so utterly insensible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not take his money with him, he supposed it would be making some atonement for his want of natural affection, if he left

OF GRATITUDE. 27

the injured lady every thing he was possessed of.

But this succour came too late, as Mrs. Moreton was not able to avail herself thereof. She had not even the consolation, at her death, of knowing such a change had happened in her fortune; as in that case, she might easily have turned it to the benefit of her affectionate Cotilda.

The inheritance in question, therefore fell, for want of heirship, to the King. As Providence would have it, the enquiries made on such a rare occurrence, brought him to a knowledge of the generous orphan's conduct.

Ah, said he, Clotilda merits this inheritance; and therefore, I renounce

28 *THE REWARD, &c.*

my rights to favour her's; and will be happy to approve myself her friend and father.

All the nation joined in the applause of such a liberal action; and Clotilda, when possessed of such a glorious recompence bestowed upon her gratitude, employed it in maintaining orphans, such as she had been; and took the greatest pleasure in inspiring them with sentiments, like those by which she had had herself deserved her fortune.



T H E

## DIRTY BOOTS.

**FORTUNATUS**, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly despising every one, inferior to himself in point of fortune ; but presum'd to take such airs upon him, as evinced the scorn with which he looked upon them. As it chanced, one day, he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes. Foooh ! what a filthy business ! was his exclamation, as he

30 *The DIRTY BOOTS.*

passed him, turning up his nose. For all the world, I would not be a shoe-black. Very likely so, said John; and I, for my part, hope, that I shall never be *your* shoe-black.

All the last week's weather had been very bad; but now it was grown clear and bright: on which account, young Fortunatus got his father's leave to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hinder'd by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of so

*The DIRTY BOOTS.* 31

For much pleasure, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen; and employing an imperious tone of voice, cried out, John! John! I'm going out on horseback! run and clean my boots. Well, don't you hear me? John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. It was in vain our Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and bestow'd an hundred terms upon him. John considered it enough to answer him with great indifference: I have told you, Sir, already, if you recollect, I hoped I never should become *your* shoe-black.

In the mean time, Fortunatus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, get John to do as he desired,

32 *The DIRTY BOOTS.*

returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment; and which, hitherto he had perform'd without expecting orders for that purpose; so he sent to speak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was approved of to the full by Mr. Railton, who not only blam'd his son, but told him he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business. You will learn, Sir, added he, how silly 'tis to look with scorn on services contribu-

ton

fary to our comfort and convenience ; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by a gentleness of manners in yourself. So, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to enoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black.

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horseback, such fine weather was it ; but—to clean his boots himself! he could not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which case, every one he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house, with offers

34 *The DIRTY BOOTS.*

of a piece of money to corrupt them ; but there was not one could be prevailed upon to disobey his master's order. Thus then, Fortunatus was obliged to stay at home, till in the end, his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the morrow, John resum'd his office without bidding ; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exercised it once, would never after gratify his pride by vilifying what was in itself so useful,

\* \* \* \* \*

THE  
FLIPPANT CRITIC.

AURELIA, tho' sufficiently good-tempered, had contracted one great fault, and that was calumny: she published every where whatever she conceived amiss in others, tho' they were her dearest friends. The inexperience of her age induc'd her very often to ascribe indifferent actions to improper

36 *The FLIPPANT CRITIC.*

motives ; and a single word, or volatility of disposition, was enough to make her form the worst suspicions, which as soon as she had form'd them, she would run with into company ; and broach as if they were undoubted facts. She frequently even added circumstances to them, drawn from her imagination, only with a view of making them more likely. You may easily conceive what mischiefs such a conduct could not but produce. It was not long before one family was set against another in her neighbourhood. The discord afterwards affected individuals. Wives and husbands, brothers, masters, and domestics were at everlasting variance with each other. Mutual confidence was on a



*The FLIPPANT CRITIC.* 37

sudden done away from those, whose company the little girl frequented with her mother. People went so far, at last, as to shut up their doors against her, as they would have done against a wretched creature tainted with the plague; but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice, that custom had so deeply riveted within her heart.

This glory was reserved for Agatha, her cousin, who alone would now receive her visits, and return them; as she always lived in hopes of being able, in the end, to show her the enormity of her behaviour, and preserve her life from sorrow.

Miss Aurelia went one day to see

38 *The FLIPPANT CRITIC.*

her cousin, and employed an hour or two, in telling spiteful tales of all their common friends, altho' she knew with what uneasiness her cousin heard them. It was all the same to her.

And now, dear Agatha, said Miss Aurelia, having stopp'd for want of breath, your turn is come to tell me something. You see company enough to have a stock of little anecdotes at all times ready on your hands.

My dear Aurelia, answered Agatha, whenever I am visiting my friends, I wish to taste the pleasure of their company; and am not such an idiot, as to lose it by remarking their defects. Besides, I find within myself so many, that I cannot possibly have time to think of those in

others. Having every need of their indulgence, I am wise enough to grant them mine. I rather chuse to rivet my attention upon every commendable quality they have, and so endeavour to acquire it. One must be persuaded of a faultless state one's self, before one can proceed to note the faults of others. I congratulate you on this faultless state, which I, upon the other hand, am so unhappy as to want. Continue, cousin, this employment of a charitable censor, who would lead mankind to virtue by exposing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the esteem of others for such generous cares.

Aurelia could not fail of being con-

40 *The FLIPPANT CRITIC.*

cious, she was, long ere this, become a public object of aversion and disgust; and therefore felt the criticism of her cousin. She began, from that day forward, to reflect with real seriousness, upon the danger of her indiscretion. She even trembled at the recollection of those mischiefs she had caused, and now determined to prevent their progress. It was difficult in the beginning, to throw off a custom she had long indulg'd in, of beholding things on the unfavourable side: but what can long withstand a steady resolution? In the end, she was so totally reformed, that she applied her penetration to such objects only as deserv'd applause; and the detestible enjoyments of malignity within her

*The FLIPPANT CRITIC.* 41

were succeeded by a purer satisfaction. She was now become the first to set equivocal or doubtful actions in such points of view, that others might excuse them. When she could not put them in a favourable light, 'tis likely, she would say, I don't know every circumstance attending them: no doubt, but there were commendable motives, such as I am not acquainted with. In short, whenever, as it sometimes chanced, the case would not admit of any thing approaching to the nature of indulgence, she would pity the offending person, and impute her fault to inadvertence, or a want of knowing what she was about.

However, it was very long indeed, before she could regain those hearts,

42 *The FLIPPANT CRITIC.*

her former ways had alienated. She was come, by this time, to the age when most young women think of being settled, but could see no prospect of a husband. People had avoided her with so much care for years, that now she seemed forgotten, just as if she had withdrawn herself into a convent from the world.

No wonder then, she should suppose she was condemned to pass her days in solitude, deprived of all those pleasures that accompany a happy marriage and the enjoyment of a chosen set of friends: but fortune otherwise determined on her destination; for a gentleman, who came upon a visit to her father, having heard her generously undertake to shield the reputation of

She absent person, some one in the com-  
 age any accus'd, was so delighted with a  
 of be-odness like his own, as to conclude  
 prospect he was of such a turn as could not  
 avoided al to make him happy. He solicited  
 s, than at hand, and made her mistress in  
 t as in turn of both his heart, and every  
 a coming he had.

Aurelia, more and more convinced  
 ld sup the pernicious consequences flow-  
 her day g from the fault of blazing other  
 se ple people's faults, and the delightful fa-  
 marriage sfaction, self-esteem and the respect of  
 en set worthy people cannot but bestow ; —  
 se deter worthy people I repeat, who wink  
 a gentle the defects of human nature, every  
 t to her y proposes her example to the chil-  
 enerousl ren she is blessed with, to preserve  
 tation of

44 *The FLIPPANT CRITIC.*

them from the ruin she had nearly suffered.

She has given me leave to write her story in this book, for the instruction of my little friends; if there be any like her who may read it. I, for my part, know not there are any such but if there should be, I persuade myself, that after the instruction of this story, they will be the better for it.



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T H E

## FORCE of PRAYER.

**THEOPHILUS**, a little boy, had got a present from his father of a pretty book, adorned with pictures; and containing lessons of instruction, drawn from passages in scripture.

He was so delighted with his present, that the very day he first receiv'd it, he perus'd with great attention; many pages; and was struck particularly with this passage.

46 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

“ The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him ; to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him : He also will hear their cry, and will save them.” *Psalm cxlv. verses 18, 19.*

This passage made him somewhat thoughtful. With his cheek supported on his hand, he sat and argued with himself, as follows : I fear God, and call upon him ; for to pray, papa has often told me, is the same as calling on him ; yet he does not hear me. For a month together, when my grandmama was ill, I prayed that she might live ; and yet he took her from me. His papa came in while he was thinking in this manner

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 47

and the following conversation pass'd  
between them.

MR. ATKINSON.

What's the matter with you, then,  
Theophilus? Has not my little pre-  
sent pleased you?

THEOPHILUS.

Oh yes, very much, papa.

MR. ATKINSON.

And yet, you seem quite serious.

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, because I find here something  
don't understand.

MR. ATKINSON.

What is it? Let me see.

THEOPHILUS.

"The Lord will fulfil the desire of  
them that fear him."

48 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

MR. ATKINSON.

Is there any thing so difficult to understand in that then ?

THEOPHILUS.

Why, papa, I fear him ; yet he does not hear my prayers.

MR. ATKINSON.

That's wonderful ! I never ask God any thing, but I receive it. What then, have you ever ask'd him, and been disappointed ?

THEOPHILUS.

That my grandmama might live,

MR. ATKINSON.

How did you pray ?

THEOPHILUS.

See, here's my little book of prayers I read it three times over.

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 49

MR. ATKINSON.

Has it any prayer about a grand-mama not dying?

THEOPHILUS.

No, papa.

MR. ATKINSON.

Supposing you should want to take a walk, would you imagine you had ask'd any leave, by saying two or three such compliments, or wishes, as are customary, for example's sake, on New-Year's-Day?

THEOPHILUS, (*smiling,*)

I think I should not, truly.

MR. ATKINSON.

And why not?

THEOPHILUS.

Because they don't contain a single

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D

50 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*  
word of going out a-walking.

Mr. ATKINSON.

And why then, when you wished to pray that God would spare your grandmama, did you repeat three times a set of prayers, which did not mention the word grandmama even once?

THEOPHILUS, (*having reflected*),

I see, papa, now, I misunderstood the matter. I should certainly have got my tutor to compose me such a prayer, entirely about my grandmama, and said it over several times.

Mr. ATKINSON.

But, if you wished to take a walk, as I supposed just now, who would you get to write you such a prayer for the occasion?

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 51

THEOPHILUS.

No one.

Mr. ATKINSON.

And when no one writes you out a prayer, and yet you want to ask me any favour, what then do you do?

THEOPHILUS.

I speak in that case as the words come to me, from my heart, and on the spot: I know you are good-natur'd, and will not be angry, tho' I should not speak quite finely.

Mr. ATKINSON.

Well now, let us hear how you would ask me to go out a walking?

THEOPHILUS.

I would say, Papa, see what a charming day it is! Will you permit

32 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

me to go out and take a walk ? I won't go farther, or stay longer than you please.

Mr. ATKINSON.

And do you think I should be loth to grant you such a favour ?

THEOPHILUS.

No papa, if you had not some reason for detaining me at home.

Mr. ATKINSON.

You don't suppose God loves you, then, as well as I do ?

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, I do, papa ; and more—a great deal more. I shall remember always what so often you have mentioned ; that whatever good you do me, comes from him ; and that he would take



*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 53

care in future of me, if unfortunately you should die.

MR. ATKINSON.

'Tis so, my dearest child: your eyes, your mouth, and every limb you have, proceed from him: they are his gifts: he must then love you very tenderly, since he has given you such good things. Why dare you not then, offer up *your* prayers, and not another's, to him?

THEOPHILUS.

I can't tell, unless it be that he is very great, and can do every thing.

MR. ATKINSON.

Undoubtedly: but if the King should be your father, would you fear

54 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

conversing with him, as you do with me?

THEOPHILUS.

I think, I, indeed, should not.

Mr. ATKINSON.

What then, is not God your father? Don't you every night and morning say the prayer himself has taught you, and in which, he orders you to call him father?

THEOPHILUS.

Oh then, for the time to come, I'll speak to him with courage, just as I am used to do with you.

Mr. ATKINSON.

Be certain, nothing pleases him so much as children's conversation. If your grandmama were living still,

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 55

what prayer would you make use of,  
that she might not die ?

THEOPHILUS.

Why, I would say ; My God,  
don't suffer grandmama to die. She  
loves me very much : 'twas she that  
taught me first to read, and she ex-  
plains my pictures. She is sure to  
punish me when I am indolent or  
naughty, but rewards my diligence at  
study, and my good behaviour. Pray,  
don't let her die this time, I beg you.

MR. ATKINSON.

I am sure, Theophilus, this prayer  
would have been quite agreeable to  
God.

THEOPHILUS.

What then, if I had only prayed

56 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

so, would my grandmama have been alive at present?

MR. ATKINSON.

Read the passage that first made you thoughtful. I must hear it once again, before I answer your last question.

THEOPHILUS.

“He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.”

MR. ATKINSON.

The desire of whom will he fulfil then?

THEOPHILUS.

Their's that fear him.

MR. ATKINSON.

You will say, you fear him?

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, indeed; I tremble when it

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 57

thunders ; and scarce know where I shall hide myself for safety when it blows a whirlwind.

Mr. ATKINSON.

Richard, the domestic, I dismissed last Monday, was like you in these particulars. Did he fear God ?

THEOPHILUS.

I don't believe he did.

Mr. ATKINSON.

Why not ?

THEOPHILUS.

Because he swore enough to frighten one ; and would never do what you or my mama commanded him.

Mr. ATKINSON.

Well then, to tremble at the noise of thunder, and be inwardly afraid o

58 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

every whirlwind, does that constitute the fear of God ?

THEOPHILUS.

No indeed ; they are not, by a deal, enough.

Mr. ATKINSON.

What more is necessary ?

THEOPHILUS.

One thing more : we must obey him.

Mr. ATKINSON.

And do you obey him ?

THEOPHILUS.

No : not always.

Mr. ATKINSON.

If then, for the time to come, you would begin a life conducted by his holy fear, what would you want beside ?

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 59

THEOPHILUS.

Know how to pay him my obedience.

MR. ATKINSON.

But, can any thing be easier?

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, indeed, Papa: for every day I promise I will do so, and yet every day neglect it. 'Tis exactly as with you.

MR. ATKINSON.

As for example, yesterday, your tutor told me he was angry, when he found you knew so little of the lesson he had been explaining to you.

THEOPHILUS.

I inform'd him of the reason: Harry came and interrupted me.

60 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

MR. ATKINSON.

Then too the day before, if you remember, you slipp'd out without my leave.

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, that I did. I went to meet him.

MR. ATKINSON.

I suppose, he will not fail to come again, and tempt you before night. What will you do in that case?

THEOPHILUS.

I will pray that God would not permit me to displease him.

MR. ATKINSON.

But what words will you make use of?

THEOPHILUS.

O, my God, let me be good ; and



*The FORCE of PRAYER. 61*

don't permit my cousin Harry to corrupt me.

MR. ATKINSON.

But is Harry, then, the only person whose persuasion, or example, will corrupt you?

THEOPHILUS.

No, indeed: the little Leon often carried me into his garden, and would bid me help him, while he stole his father's apples; then too, Ruffhead would encourage me to swear, and laugh while I was imitating him.

MR. ATKINSON.

You must add, then, something to your prayer, I fancy?

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, Papa: I ought to say, My God, let me be good; and don't per-

62 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

mit my cousin Harry, Leon, Ruff. head, or in general any other, to corrupt me.

MR. ATKINSON.

You were ill six weeks ago; and begg'd the Doctor, if you recollect, would cure you. What was his reply?

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, very willingly, said he, my little dear; but, you must take this physic. In the mean time, keep the bed-cloaths on you, and lie still; or be assur'd the fever will return.

MR. ATKINSON.

If you had not done every thing he recommended, do you think you would, in that case, have got better?

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 63

THEOPHILUS.

O, no, certainly.

Mr. ATKINSON.

God, likewise, has enjoin'd us what we ought to do, if we would be obedient to him. Do you recollect what I have often told you on this head?

THEOPHILUS.

Yes, perfectly, Papa. We must at all times think of God, reflect upon the joy there is in doing well, and shun the misery of being naughty.

Mr. ATKINSON.

But I fear, that after all, your Cousin would but have to come and put you upon some bad action.

THEOPHILUS.

O, Papa, I would not fail to think

64 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

of the reproaches I should merit from you, if I sat and heard him.

MR. ATKINSON.

Very well, my child : but if you were to pray that God would render you obedient to him, and not do yourself whatever you were able,—do you think, the prayer you utter'd, would have any great effect?

THEOPHILUS.

Indeed, I think it would not.

MR. ATKINSON.

So that you may see why God so very rarely hears our prayers. For either they are nothing but those forms inserted in the prayer-book, and which suit as seldom with our circumstances, as your book of pray-

ers

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 65

ers did with the illness of your grand-mama ; or else we have no real fear of God before our eyes ; or, lastly, we do nothing worthy of obtaining what we ask for.

Here the servant came to tell his master he was wanted by a stranger : he broke off, and told Theophilus, he would resume his subject on the morrow.

As it prov'd, Theophilus was pleas'd to find his doubts remov'd ; and full of gratitude and joy, fell down upon his knees, and pray'd as follows :  
" O my God, how glad it makes me, that I'm dearer to thee, than I even am to my papa. Let me be always very good, and perfectly obedient to thee.

66 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

Give me both the will and power to shun all those who would persuade me to be naughty. Yes, my God, I will do every thing I can, that thou may'st make me able of thy grace, to do what thou commandest. "

He had scarce done praying, but he found himself more chearful, and inclin'd to what he thought his duty, than before. He put himself to con- the lesson set him as an evening's task ; and as he went about it with a deal of pleasure, could not but remark how easily he learn'd it.

Having done about the half, his little cousin enter'd, and, as usual, did not fail to recommend some waggery. Theophilus could not, 'tis true, refrain from laughing ; but be-

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 67

thought himself immediately, it would be very wrong to leave his task unfinish'd, for the sake of pleasure: so he told his cousin, he was very sorry to deny him; but by no means could enjoy his company till he had got his lesson.

O, don't make yourself uneasy, said the cousin, with a sncer. There's no one wants your company, and you may stay, for what I care about it, fasten'd to your book, if you think proper, all day long.

Well then, dear Harry, with your leave, I *will* stay fasten'd to it, all day long. So every thing I beg is, that at present, you would leave me to myself, that I may do so.

68 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

Harry did not, in the least, expect this answer. He went out, and bang'd the door behind him, going off in great vexation. On the other hand, Theophilus was happy in himself, at having thwarted his propensity, and Harry's fly insinuations. He found methods of amusement for the remnant of the day, and went to bed, at night, returning God his thanks, for having, in so evident a manner, heard him.

On the morrow he got up betimes, and ran into the garden, where he saw his father waiting for him. Dear Papa, said he, I am convinc'd, at length, God hears the prayer of such as fear him. He has given me the



*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 69

desire of doing well, and strength to shun a naughty action. I was yesterday at study, quite delighted. Harry came to try if he could get me out to go a playing with him in the fields ; and would you think it ?—I had strength sufficient to deny him.

Mr. Atkinson took up the child, embrac'd, and bade him be of courage ; for continue, said he, in the way you have begun ; and be as faithful always to your promise, and God then will bless you more and more. You will discover, one day or another, that as many as sincerely fear him, never pray in vain.

THEOPHILUS.

So then, if I had always pray'd

70 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

sincerely for my grandmama, I should not then have seen her die?

MR. ATKINSON.

When you have answer'd me a question I shall ask you, I will then consider yours.

THEOPHILUS.

With all my heart, Papa, if I am only capable of answering it.

MR. ATKINSON.

When you ask me to explain you any difficulty, such as something, for example, in your grammar, do I ever send you off unsatisfied?

THEOPHILUS.

No, never.

MR. ATKINSON.

And why so?

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 71

THEOPHILUS.

Because from motives of affection towards me, you desire I should obtain as great a stock of knowledge as I can.

Mr. ATKINSON.

But when you have, at any time, requested me to let you have nice things, or cloaths of such or such a stuff or colour, have I always been as ready to oblige you?

THEOPHILUS.

O, no, no, indeed.

Mr. ATKINSON.

Why not?

THEOPHILUS.

Because, as you were always us'd to tell me, you knew better, what

72 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

was fitting for me, than myself. To be refus'd, at first, was quite vexatious; but it was not long before I found you in the right; and therefore now, whenever you refuse me any thing, I judge it is not proper for me.

MR. ATKINSON.

Good, Theophilus. And would you have less confidence in God?

THEOPHILUS.

O, no indeed. I ought to have a great deal more: he knows much better than you do, what's fitting for me.

MR. ATKINSON.

Therefore, when you wish that God would grant you any blessing, how would you address him, in your

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 73

prayer? Supposing your poor grand-  
mama were living still, what would  
you say?

THEOPHILUS.

O, Lord my God, if you believe  
it is for my good, don't let my grand-  
mama die now.

MR. ATKINSON.

But sure, you should not pray thus  
for yourself, alone; but grandmama  
as well?

THEOPHILUS.

That's true, indeed.

MR. ATKINSON.

And if she liv'd in pain, and death  
alone could end her misery, could you  
ask of God, that for your good, he  
would permit your grandmama should  
be unhappy?

74 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

THEOPHILUS.

No, indeed.

MR. ATKINSON.

You see then, you should still add something to your prayer ?

THEOPHILUS.

I should ; and ought to say, My God, if 'tis for my advantage, and my grandmama's, pray let her live, I beg you.

MR. ATKINSON.

Had you pray'd in such a manner, and your grandmama died notwithstanding, what would you have thought of God ?

THEOPHILUS.

That in his wisdom, he could see a longer life would not have been a blessing to us both.

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 75

MR. ATKINSON.

And would you have, in that case, murmur'd, that he did not hear your prayer?

THEOPHILUS.

I could not; since my prayer would only have befought her life, it 'twould have turn'd to her as well as my advantage.

MR. ATKINSON.

Thus you see that God must hear the prayer of such as fear him; for they either only ask the power of doing good, and then are sure of being heard, because God wishes they would so; or, supposing they should pray for any worldly blessing, 'tis beforehand, on condition, that the thing they pray for will contribute to their hap-

pineness. They know he is a tender father, and bestows upon them every useful thing, even though they should not ask it. If, at any time, their prayers are not vouchsaf'd, they still take comfort; being certain, what they wanted would not have contributed to make them happy in themselves.

Theophilus omitted not to draw improvement from this lesson. Every morning, when he first awoke, he pray'd to God that he would give him a desire of doing well; and when he found he was upon the point of failing in his duty, he besought the necessary aid to overcome himself.

He had betimes enur'd his thoughts to God, and the idea of his presence



*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 77

He was always figuring to himself the  
charm inseparable from good actions;  
and the grief, that indolence, pride,  
calfity, and every other sin draws after  
it. He grew, in short, my little  
reader, so discreet and virtuous, that  
some people said he was the friend of  
God, and every parent look'd upon  
him as a model for the rising gene-  
ration.

Some few years ensuing this, his  
father happen'd to be taken ill; and  
every day at morn and evening, did  
Theophilus request his restoration at  
God's hand, and with a heart fore-  
fraught with groans, and eyes brimful  
of tears, address'd him: the following  
purport: O Almighty God, thy will  
be done; but if my father's life may

78 *The FORCE of PRAYER.*

in the event, prove useful either  
himself or me, vouchsafe him a con-  
tinuation of his days, though it should  
be at the expence of mine.

His father died, and how afflicted  
was not our Theophilus! and yet,  
the excess of even his affliction,  
cried out with some degree of con-  
solation: God would never, in his  
bounty, have depriv'd me of my  
father, if it were not for some ser-  
vice in view of his good providence. Un-  
doubtedly, God wish'd to recompense  
his virtues, and has not deprived  
me of his succour, otherwise than with  
a view to show me, that he only is  
my real father.

He has often told his friends, that  
by the means of prayer, he has ac-

*The FORCE of PRAYER.* 79

ded many sorrows, or been able to endure their pressure. One day every week, he visits his departed father's tomb, and watering it with tears, cries out : O best of fathers ! that instructed me to pray. May God reward you in the bosom of his glory, for procuring me so great a blessing, as the blessing Prayer is crown'd with.

In the original, the following  
Drama has but *one* act. The  
Translator has divided it into  
*two*.

T H E

PARENTAL STEP MOTHER.

*A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.*

VOL. XXII.

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[ C H A R A C T E R S .

Mrs. and Mr. MARKHAM.

STEPHEN, }  
MIRA, } *Mr. Markham's*  
MARGARET, } *children.*

GRATIAN, }  
MICHAEL, } *Mrs. Markham's*  
              } *children.*

TIPPLE, *a domestic servant.*

*The scene is in Mr. Markham's garden.*

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T H E

PARENTAL STEP-MOTHER.

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A C T I.

---

S C E N E I.

STEPHEN, (*alone,*)

**O**NCE more then, I am got into my garden, where I have not been these six months! What a pleasure every object gives me! Here's the

# 84 THE PARENTAL

little summer-house, where I was us'd so frequently to breakfast, with my dear mama. If she were living still, what happiness for both of us ! She would receive me now with open arms ; she would embrace me ; and, on my side, I should have to tell her many little secrets : but, alas ! (*beginning to cry.*) I have for ever lost her ; and if still we are to love each other, we can only do so in another world. My dear Mama ! if you could only hear me, tho' you can't come back to see your Stephen. In your stead, I have indeed a mother ; but a mother, as they say in-law : and that, as I am told, is just as much as if one were to say, a cruel mother,



STEP-MOTHER. 85

What then am I now to do? I never shall dare look upon her. If at least, I might have liv'd with grandmama! but no; papa will have me here, tho' poor mama is dead. Alas! I never shall be able to live here, I know so. I will therefore only see my dear papa and sisters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and must.

TIPPLE, (*entering*,)

What, Master Stephen! is it you, come back again? How goes it with you then?

STEPHEN.

In health, not much amiss, dear Tripple. And how, pray, are you?

TIPPLE.

Quite well; and not a penny for

56 THE PARENTAL

the apothecary out of me! my draughts are made up for me, at the George. But what's the matter? I can see you have been crying.

STEPHEN, (*wiping his eyes,*)

Crying?

TIPPLE.

Yes, yes; crying: O, you can't conceal it. Have you met with any accident?

STEPHEN.

None, Tipple, since I left my grandmama's.

TIPPLE.

O, O, I understand: you weep for your mama; but then you have another?

STEPHEN.

One in-law you mean? If I could

STEP-MOTHER. 87

only shun her! But how fare my poor dear sisters?

TIPPLE.

How? Ah bad enough. At six they must be up. I would not have them ly a minute after.

STEPHEN.

But, so early, what have they to do?

TIPPLE.

O, let their new mother find them work! She rules us all like slaves! and I myself must get up with the rest! I rose at seven this morning; and behold ye, both your sisters were hard at it in the garden.

STEPHEN.

But I ask you, what about?

88 *THE PARENTAL*

TIPPLE.

Why, working, at the what d'ye call it?—for their brothers.

STEPHEN.

Yes, I am told that second mothers never spare their husband's children, while they love their own: and I imagine I must go to work as well. . . But what's become of all my pinks and tulips?

TIPPLE.

O, they're taken all away.

STEPHEN.

By whom?

TIPPLE.

By Gratian and his brother.

STEPHEN.

So then I have lost my pretty flow-

STEP-MOTHER. 89

ers; and those two wicked little fellows have destroy'd them. They have nothing now to do, but take the garden from me likewise. Look ye, here they come.

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S C E N E II.

STEPHEN, TIPPLE, GRATIAN, MICHAEL.

GRATIAN, (*whispering Michael,*)

MICHAEL, who is that young gentleman with Tipple? If it were not Master Stephen!

MICHAEL, (*whispering Tipple,*)

Is it he?

90 THE PARENTAL

TIPPLE, (*answering drily,*)  
Yes, Gentlemen.

GRATIAN.

O, my dear, dear brother, welcome!  
We have wish'd to see you!

STEPHEN, (*shrinking back,*)

Have we been acquainted with each  
other long enough, that you should  
thus embrace me?

GRATIAN.

We are not acquainted with you,  
I acknowledge: but are all three  
brothers.

STEPHEN.

Yes, half brothers, Sir.

GRATIAN.

Why half? If your papa loves our  
mama, and she loves him, why should  
not we love one another. They are

STEP-MOTHER. 91

man and wife, and we are therefore  
brothers.

STEPHEN.

If we are, have you a greater right  
than I have here?

MICHAEL, (*aside,*)

How quarrelsome he is.

GRATIAN.

Why, your papa has let us work  
these three weeks in it.

STEPHEN.

I was in it first; and surely you  
won't drive me out.

MICHAEL.

Come, Gratian; let's be gone, and  
leave him in his peevish humour.

GRATIAN.

No, no, Michael: we must stay and  
be good friends with one another.

92 *THE PARENTAL*

MICHAEL.

Do you like the fulky fellow, then  
so much ?

STEPHEN.

The fulky fellow ! Do you call  
me fulky ?

MICHAEL.

Yes, and envious, and—

STEPHEN.

You dare insult me then ? and  
even in my garden, here ?

MICHAEL.

'Tis you began ; but I'm your  
match ; you understand me ?

GRATIAN.

Hear me, Michael ; would you  
strike your brother ? Come along and  
let us not, for Heaven's sake, vex our



STEP-MOTHER. 93

new papa ; and more particularly so,  
then he very day he is to see his son,  
*He draws him away.*)

MICHAEL.

Well, I'll go tell mama. *(He and  
Gratian both go out.)*

STEPHEN.

See now if my anxieties are not be-  
ginning. They will tell their mo-  
ther I've insulted them, and she will  
set me anger from papa. Unhappy  
I am. Don't you think so too,  
you Tipple ?

TIPPLE.

Yes, indeed ; but notwithstanding  
that, take heart. I'll be your friend ;  
and we shall then, I think, be able to  
take head against them.

STEPHEN.

Yes ; but my papa ?

TIPPLE,

Let me alone with him. I've something in my head, and know a thousand tricks of these new comers, which I'll tell him ; adding they have spoilt your garden, kill'd your flowers, and call'd you names. I warrant you they'll be but badly off.

STEPHEN.

So then, my dearest friend, you'll stand up for me ?

TIPPLE.

Yes, as sure as I am Tipple.

STEPHEN.

Thank you ! thank you ! I am not without a friend, I see then, tho' I've lost mama : but did you notice

*STEP-MOTHER.* 95

their fine cloaths? What handsome  
waistcoats they had on! Who work'd  
them? can you tell?

*TIPPLE.*

Their mother.

*STEPHEN.*

Yes, yes, I was thinking so:  
he'll always be employ'd upon her  
favourites; but who, pray, will work  
such a waistcoat?

*TIPPLE.*

Why indeed, if you should want one,  
you must work it all yourself.

*STEPHEN.*

And had not they new cloaths on  
likewise?

*TIPPLE.*

Yes: they had them, as a gift from  
our papa, the day he married.

STEPHEN.

O, he did not make me such a present. I was sent with these bad cloaths into the country. 'Tis too much! I can't support the thought! My poor mama is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left me.

TIPPLE.

Be of comfort: matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the first place, you must see your new mama. So follow me, and think of putting on a chearful face, as if you were rejoic'd to see her.

STEPHEN.

I can never do so.

TIPPLE.

TIPPLE.

But you *must*; however it may go against you. I do so, tho' I detest her. Would you think it! she begins to tell me, I must be less frequent in my visits at the ale-house; I that was accusom'd to spend half the day there, in the life-time of my last dear mistress. She indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellously alter'd now, and we must alter with them. Patience! When we're once alone, I'll tell you what must still be done. At present therefore, follow me.

STEPHEN.

But will she see I have been crying, by my eyes?

98 THE PARENTAL

TIPPLE.

Why, you are crying still.

STEPHEN.

Then I'll not go at present: She would ask the reason of my tears. What answer should I give her?

TIPPLE.

You might say, that coming home, you had been thinking of your dear mama, and therefore fell a crying.

STEPHEN.

But, provided she should speak about my quarrel with her children?

TIPPLE.

Tell her they began it; and call me to witness what you say. But here she comes. Go and salute her boldly.

STEP-MOTHER. 99

SCENE III.

Mrs. MARKHAM, STEPHEN.

Mrs. MARKHAM.

WHERE, where is he? (*perceiving him*) Is it you, my dearest Stephen? I have now then, got together all my family. (*She embraces him with tenderness.*) How sweet a countenance! and what a happiness, that I can look on such an interesting child as mine!

STEPHEN.

I likewise should be happy, could I but rejoice; and yet—(*sighing,*)

Mrs. MARKHAM.

My dearest, what's the matter then?

100 THE PARENTAL

You seem quite sad, my charming little man! (*Stephen cries afresh, and cannot speak a word.*) You turn away and cry: what causes you these tears? won't you inform me what afflicts you?

STEPHEN.

Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. MARKHAM.

'Tis enough, however, to distress me. Say, what gives you all this sorrow, and I'll comfort you, if possible. If your papa or sisters were to see you, they might fancy you had met with some misfortune, coming home; and they are pleas'd in thinking they're so soon to see you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

STEPHEN.

Grieve me! I can have no greater



*STEP-MOTHER.* 101  
pleasure : but shall I embrace mama,  
too ? 'Tis for her I cry.

*Mrs. MARKHAM.*

She died six months ago, and do  
you still cry for her ?

*STEPHEN.*

Yes, yes ; all my life ! Oh my  
Mama ! my dear Mama !

*Mrs. MARKHAM.*

Be calm, my little dear : endeavour  
to divert your thoughts ; and let us  
speak of her no longer, since it gives  
you so much sorrow.

*STEPHEN.*

No, no : on the other hand, let me  
be always speaking of her, if you  
mean I should feel any comfort.

Would you have your children willing to forget you after you were dead, so soon ?

Mrs. MARKHAM.

Dear little fellow ! (*embracing him,*)  
You then lov'd her very much ?

STEPHEN.

I find so ; much more now, than while she lived. She was so good !

Mrs. MARKHAM.

I wish I were but able to restore her to you ; which I cannot do ; and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your bosom. I will love you as she did, and will be a mother to you.

STEPHEN.

But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and

STEP-MOTHER. 103

brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only half so.

Mrs. MARKHAM.

But why give me such a name? I have not called you my half-son.

STEPHEN.

Pray, pardon me, I did not say so to displease you. I begin to think you very kind; at least, you seem so: but then you have children of your own, and must, of course, love them much more than me?

Mrs. MARKHAM.

You shall not find it so. Some few days hence, we shall be more acquainted with each other, than we can be now; and you shall see, if my affec-

tion will not make you think yourself my son.

STEPHEN.

If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mama?

Mrs. MARKHAM.

I would not wish you to forget her: on the other hand, we will speak often of her, and your tenderness shall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

STEPHEN.

Oh, I have already seen them. Have they not complained of my behaviour?

Mrs. MARKHAM.

No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then? I should be very sorry in that case, as all my wish is to

*STEP-MOTHER.* 105

hold you tenderly united to each other, just like real brothers.

STEPHEN.

I wish nothing more than that : but where is my papa, and sisters ? Let me see them.

Mrs. MARKHAM.

Your papa will very soon be home. He went this morning to dispatch some business out of doors, that he might give the afternoon intirely to himself : but in the interim, I can take you to our sisters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

STEPHEN.

I wish them to speak of you ; but first : I have a deal to say of my ma.

*A C T II.**S C E N E I.*

GRATIAN, MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

WHY keep me from complaining to mama? What I, that good fellow's friend! No, never! When his father once comes home, I'll tell him what a waspish son he has.

at he may teach him to behave a  
little better.

GRATIAN.

Do you think, then, our papa will  
not be vex'd, when told of this same  
difference between you both? and  
could it please you to afflict him?

MICHAEL.

Certainly, I should be sorry for it.  
That, however, can I do? since, if  
this little chap is not corrected for his  
rudeness the first day of coming home,  
there will be nothing but disputes in  
future. He will constantly insult us,  
but not, on my side, very patient. I  
shall certainly be warm, and tell him  
what he ought to know: and if here-  
after he should think of taking on him,  
he has just now—

GRATIAN.

I hope, then, Michael, you don't mean to beat him ?

MICHAEL.

But you don't suppose, I'll let myself be beat by him ?

GRATIAN.

No certainly.

MICHAEL.

What then ought I to do ?

GRATIAN.

To-morrow, very likely we shall see, but now, it wou'd be wrong to struggle for the mastery with each other.

MICHAEL.

Be it now to-morrow, or the following day, 'tis all the same to Michael; but the sooner, in my thoughts the better.



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GRATIAN.

Brother, I beseech you, wait a little longer. Stephen cannot be so sulky as you think.

MICHAEL.

And yet, I know him sure, as well as you?

GRATIAN.

His father and his sisters say he's very condescending, and good-natur'd.

MICHAEL.

Yes indeed; he shew'd his condescension and good-nature, when he turn'd his back upon me, in reply to my civility.

GRATIAN.

That was not well; but then, he does not know us even yet.

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MICHAEL.

He might have tried to know us.

GRATIAN.

How you talk ! 'tis very likely something griev'd him.

MICHAEL.

And are we to suffer for it ?

GRATIAN.

No ; but brothers must pass over many things, that others have a right to be displeas'd with.

MICHAEL.

It appears to me, he scorns us in the light of brothers.

GRATIAN,

No. I can't persuade myself of that.

MICHAEL.

Well, let him look a little to him-

STEP - MOTHER. III

self: I shan't put up with any insult  
from him: but he's coming with his  
sisters: I'll withdraw. I can't en-  
dure the thoughts of such a snappish  
gentleman.

GRATIAN.

For Heaven's sake, brother, let us  
enjoy and share in their amusement.

MICHAEL.

No, no. I might possibly disturb  
them, and will go.

GRATIAN.

If you're resolv'd, I'll follow you.

(*aside, going out*) I must do every-  
thing I can to soften him.

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SCENE II.

MIRA, MARGARET and STEPHEN.

MIRA, (*holding Stephen by the hand,*)

BUT why afflict yourself, dear brother, any longer? Our afflictions cannot bring Mama to life again.

STEPHEN.

But will you promise me, at least that we shall think a little of her every time we meet?

MIRA.

Yes, brother, I shall always think of her with us, just as when she was alive.

STEPHEN.

STEPHEN, (*affectionately looking at them,*)

My dearest sister ! this idea doubles the delight I have in seeing you.

HEN. MIRA.

And I and Margaret have been wishing, this long while, to see you likewise.

MARGARET.

Yes, yes ; Mira's in the right, and we may now all play with Gratian and his brother ; And what pleasure will not that afford us ?

STEPHEN.

O no more about your Gratian and his brother, if you love me.

MIRA.

How !

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STEPHEN.

They would but interrupt our pastime : they are good for nothing, but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

MIRA.

They, brother ? Can you think so badly of them ?

MARGARET.

Look ye, Stephen. (*Shewing an etwec.*)

STEPHEN.

And who gave you that ?

MARGARET.

Why Michael : he went out, and bought it for me, with a crown his mother gave him.

MIRA.

See too, this Morocco pocket-book  
It was a present made to Gratian ; and  
he gave it me.

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STEPHEN.

Ay, ay! I see you understand each other's meaning; and will all four be against me.

MIRA and MARGARET.

Be against you!

STEPHEN.

Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and spoil'd my garden.

MIRA.

Who has taken all your flowers away, and spoil'd your garden?

STEPHEN.

Those two little chaps you seem so fond of.

MIRA.

We don't understand you. Have you seen your garden?

H 2

STEPHEN.

Have I seen it? What a question! Only look yourself. Where are my pinks and tulips?

MIRA.

Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my Mama's *bow* window?

STEPHEN.

Is there any garden there?

MARGARET.

Aye, surely; and a very pretty one.

MIRA.

Your garden here, was far too little; so Mama got one mark'd out for all of us, behind the terrace, six times larger.



STEP-MOTHER. 117

STEPHEN.

And whose is it? Doubtless your two favourites'!

MIRA.

No, no; it belongs to all of us, without distinction: we have, notwithstanding, each a portion.

MARGARET.

I, just like the rest.

STEPHEN.

And is there one for me?

MIRA.

Undoubtedly; and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithstanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

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MARGARET.

Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty, as you'll see.

STEPHEN.

Who got them for me?

MARGARET.

Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their recreation time upon the work. They have selected all the prettiest flowers, *their* beds supplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more surpris'd.

STEPHEN.

And have they done all this for me, then? Tipple told me, they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

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MIRA.

If you give ear to Tipple, you'll be worse off for it, I can tell you. Why, he wish'd to make us quarrel with our brothers likewise. How ungrateful! Their Mama consents to keep him, for no other reason than because ours begg'd Papa upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all he studies is, to make her children as unhappy as he can.

MARGARET.

And all, because Mama will have him work, instead of spending half the day with idle fellows, at the ale-house.

STEPHEN.

Is it so? Then, I begin to see he

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wanted to deceive me, when he promis'd he would be my friend.

MIRA.

However, we must not tell any thing about it to Papa: he would dismiss him; we must therefore carefully keep silence, and not ruin Tipple.

STEPHEN.

O no, no, indeed; since poor Mama had such a value for him.

MIRA.

He will soon go further with you; but don't listen to him.

MARGARET.

Notwithstanding any thing he may pretend to tell you; but come now, and pay a visit to your garden, brother.

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STEPHEN.

Yes, with all my heart: I long to see it. (*Margaret and Mira take him by the hand, and go out on one side, without perceiving Gratian, who comes in with Michael on another side.*)

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SCENE III.

GRATIAN and MICHAEL.

*They enter with two plates of cake and fruit; which they put down upon a table, in the summer-house.*

GRATIAN.

BUT where is he?

MICHAEL, (*looking every way,*)

Look ye, there he is.—There, brother, with his sisters, going to our garden.

GRATIAN.

Truly, I am glad of that ; for only think, what pleasure he will have, when he discerns, how busy we have been, to ornament his portion of it !

MICHAEL.

Do you think so ? I, for my part, would lay any wager he'll find fault with every thing about him ; he's so queer ! The flowers, he'll say, are badly chosen, or the box not planted as it should be, or the ground too moist, or dry, and twenty other circumstances.

STEP - MOTHER. 123

GRATIAN.

Yes ; but do you know, I am beginning to consider you as touchy as you fancy him ; I never saw you so before.

MICHAEL.

'Tis he that caus'd it. Have his sisters ever had occasion to complain of my behaviour ? and I only wish to live upon good terms with him. You know, with what impatience I expected his arrival here ; and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

GRATIAN.

True indeed ; but, as I said before, 'tis very likely something grieves him. He's afraid perhaps his father will no longer love him, or our mother shew *him* less affection than he

fancies she does us. If so, 'tis surely then our duty to make much of him in his uneasiness, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

MICHAEL.

You're in the right; I did not duly think of that.

GRATIAN.

If he's as good as every body says, think, brother, how a little kindness on our part will, in the end, affect him; how his father will be fonder of us for it; and what pleasure we shall give mama!

MICHAEL.

'Tis I was in the wrong, I own. Let him but come, and I'll be so at-



STEP-MOTHER. 125

entive to him, he must unavoidably forget the past.

GRATIAN.

What hinders us from running to him where he is? The flowers we planted for him, will make peace between us.

MICHAEL.

That's well said; we'll therefore go immediately.—But here he comes himself.

GRATIAN.

And see, how pleas'd he seems besides.

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SCENE the Last.

GRATIAN, MICHAEL, MIRA  
MARGARET, STEPHEN.

STEPHEN, (*running to embrace his  
brothers,*)

MY dear good friends, my brothers,  
you must certainly be very much dis-  
pleas'd with my behaviour.

GRATIAN.

We! why so?

MICHAEL.

'Tis over, my dear Stephen, and  
love you.

STEPHEN.

What a pretty garden you have  
made me! You have given me

*STEP-MOTHER.* 127

your finest flowers, without my having yet done any thing to give you pleasure.

GRATIAN.

'Tis enough for us, if you are pleas'd with our endeavours.

STEPHEN.

Is I am ! Forgive me, pray, dear brothers. I insulted you : I turn'd away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do so for the future. We will always be good friends ; and every thing I have, you shall partake of with me.

GRATIAN.

Yes, yes ; that we will ; and every thing shall be in common to us ; not our pleasures only, but our sorrows also.

MICHAEL.

Let us, then, embrace each other and begin this friendship, (*They embrace.*)

GRATIAN.

This is as it should be ; and now, Stephen, we must go and have a little banquet, that has been prepared us by mama: we've brought and put it in the summer-house, as you may see. Let's enter. Enter you too sister with us, and sit down. (*Here Mr. and Mrs. Markham passing by, observe the children talking to each other, stop a little, and then get into a corner where unnoticed they may hear their conversation.*)

MICHAEL,

It is your privilege, dear brother, now, to do the honours of the feast. Mama will have it so; as you, she says, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

STEPHEN.

O I'm sure, I never shall have eaten any thing with so much appetite, as at this feast of friendship. (*He presents them with the cake and fruit; and they begin to eat.*)

MICHAEL.

Well; and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

MARGARET.

I believe so, truly! for what quarrel can be worth these pears?

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*GRATIAN.*

How glad mama will be, to find  
we are such friends with one another!

MIRA.

She desires we should afford her all  
the joy we can. When you shall  
know—But I remember you have seen  
her.

STEPHEN.

Yes, yes, Mira; she received me  
with the greatest kindness, and has so  
agreeable a countenance, she cannot  
be ill temper'd. I perceived even by  
her tone of voice, I should be easily  
induc'd to love her.

MIRA.

And how good she is to us!

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MARGARET.

We need but please ourselves, to give her pleasure.

MIRA.

We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mama. Papa, who is employ'd all day in business, could not look to us. There was for ever something to find fault with in our garments, and our education was much more neglected.

MARGARET.

We should very probably have sunk, from habit, into indolence.

MIRA.

But, since our new mama is come, we are both set to rights. She gives us every entertainment suited to our age,

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and is a party with us in our little pleasures. One would think her much more interested in the preservation of our health than of her own. I have not yet had time sufficient to remark I stand in need of any thing. She makes before-hand such provision for our wants !

MARGARET.

But lately I was ill ; oh, very ill, indeed ! and 'twas herself that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing she could to comfort me. She made me up all manner of nice things ; and I believe I should have died, but for her great attention to me.

Oh



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STEPHEN.

Oh, my dear, dear sisters! is it possible?

MIRA.

You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accustomed to employ our needle. Well; mama was kind enough to teach us. So that now, we know—not only plain, but every sort of fine work too.

GRATIAN, (*to Stephen*),

See here, the neck and ribbands of this shirt. Mama extols it very much. Well, Mira did it all herself; and 'twas a present from her to me.

MIRA.

Which you merited before-hand ; for who made me such a garden, or presented me with such fine nosegays ? Brother Stephen, you must know, mamma will not have us oblige our brothers, but they likewise must oblige us too ; and they do more to please us, than we could have thought to ask for.

MARGARET.

Yes, indeed ; and, as a proof, I'll show you the cork-boat, of Michael's making with his penknife. You shall see its nice silk rigging, satin sails, and ribband streamers. It swims charmingly, as you'll acknowledge, in the fish-pond.

STEP-MOTHER. 135

MICHAEL.

Since you made me such a handsome pair of garters—

MARGARET.

Garters ! I can make much better things than garters now. Ah, Stephen, were you but to see a certain green and lilac strip'd silk purse ! The green at least, is all of my own fancying ; or ask Mira. Oh, I'm sure you'll be delighted when you have it.

STEPHEN.

How ! and have you made me, then, a purse ?

*(Mira makes a sign that Margaret should hold her peace).*

MARGARET, *(embarrass'd)*,

No, Stephen ; not for you :—*(in a*

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*whisper*), and yet it is ; but you must know, mama enjoin'd me not to tell you. And besides, she means surprizing you herself, with nothing less than such a nice work'd waistcoat as my brothers now have on—O, you'll soon see !

MIRA.

This little giddy-brains can keep no secret.

MARGARET.

No, because, there was such pleasure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

STEPHEN.

Oh, I thank you : but pray tell me, are you happy ?

MIRA.

Are we happy ? What is wanting

STEP-MOTHER. 137

in our situation? our mama is really so good! I don't know how it is, but she has got the secret of converting every thing into a sort of pleasure. I have no amusement half so great as chattering with her: While she's joking, she instructs us.

MARGARET.

You should see us, Stephen, when we're reading certain little tales, a friend of ours composes for us.

MIRA.

Ave, indeed; you make me recollect he has not sent us any, now, this long, long while. Why, sure, he can't be ill?

MARGARET.

I should be very sorry, were he so. He's my good friend. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the

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world; and 'twould be comical should we be ever mentioned in his book!

MIRA.

I wish he would but put us in it, on account of our mama; that all the world might know the goodness of her heart, and how we love her.

GRATIAN.

Yes, and I too for the sake of our papa, who treats us just as if we were even his real children.

Mr. MARKHAM, (*appearing,*)

Yes, and so you are within my heart. I make it all my happiness to think I am your father. But where's Stephen?

STEPHEN, (*embracing Mr. Markham,*)

Here, papa. O, how rejoiced I am to see you, dear papa.

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Mr. MARKHAM.

Embrace me, then, once more.—  
And now let me enquire if you are  
pleas'd with your new brothers?

STEPHEN.

Oh, I never could have chosen  
better. I will love them, and do every  
thing I can, that they may love me  
likewise.

GRATIAN.

There will be no difficulty in that  
matter, since we also are determined  
to do just the same.

MICHAEL.

We shall but need to recollect the  
pleasure we have had this day.

MIRA.

That you may keep your pro-  
mise, I'll be sure to put you fre-

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quently in mind thereof.

MARGARET.

Oh, sister, as to that, I'm sure I shall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. MARKHAM.

I verily believe you will do so, from what I've heard you say; for you must know, dear children, I was planted here, hard by in secret, during all your conversation: and I'm sure, I never shall forget it; nor I only, but another; for another has heard every thing, as well as I. Come then, dear spouse, from your concealment, and enjoy a pleasure so adapted to your goodness. (*He goes aside, and bringing Mrs. Markham forth, presents her to the children.*) Here she is; my little ones; the partner I have chosen



*STEP-MOTHER.* 141

to promote your happiness ; and not your's only, but my own. The fortune Providence has bless'd me with already, and I hope will still continue to bestow upon me, all of which I scarce need mention I shall leave you, would be nothing, in comparison of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made these second nuptials to procure you every possible advantage. Three among you wanted verymuch a mother, who might take the care upon her of your childhood : and the other two, a father to advance you in the world. Your interests were the same then, in these second nuptials ; and for all our benefit have they been fram'd. Do you then promise me, dear spouse, as

I, on my side do, that you will never think of treating either of these children with the least degree of partiality, except indeed, what his superior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. MARKHAM.

My reply to you, dear husband, is these tears; I cannot possibly repress them; and to you, my children, these embraces, (*she holds out her arms, and all the children strive with one another to get closest to her*).

Mr. MARKHAM.

And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promise to keep up a constant union with each other, to avoid all jealousy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other.

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(They take each other by the hand, and kneeling answer,)

Yes, papa ; we do, we do.

MR. MARKHAM, (*raising them*),

Continue, then, to live in such a state of friendship. You will find its charms encrease continually ; and the tie between you every day grow closer. You will be as happy, from the services you do each other, as those little sacrifices that may frequently be needful for the sake of peace among you. Every one, enjoying his own happiness, will not the less enjoy his brother's ; which, in fact, he may attribute to himself. There will not be an individual round about you, but will interest himself in your prosperity, if his solicitude be worth the acquisition ;

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and your future children will reward  
you, by *their* tenderness, for having  
so well merited the affection of your  
parents.



*End of* VOL. XXII.